## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1896.

"Too great a grind, old Timon. O for have you? She must be a dab at re beaker full of the warm south; full fusing by this time?" of the true, the blushful Hip'--"

"She's a woman," returned Sir Wilfred, with a singular smile-"Oh! Con-found this dust!" he added, shifting his "Or some ginger pop, it's only a penny?" suggested Margery, looking up position, "it's all over the place. She with merry bright eyes, and laying her should keep it in better repair. She's slender forefinger on a stone bottle on the table, while Rosalind packed a woman, Arthur."

"Most heiresses are, still they some-Brandon's views in an envelope and times refuse."

gave him change. "They refuse some men. My good "With a kiss thrown in?" whispered Brandon, want a woman, and have a Carr, as, with a sudden deft movement woman, that's my experience. Con-found it all! the whole blessed place is he threw his arm round Margery and brought his face close to hers just in coming down," he cried, jumping up time to receive such a well intentioned, under a shower of stone chips and dust. single-hearted box on the ear, as made and turning with well-powdered hair the archway echo, startled the owls and to look up at the window, where no livbats, sent a cloud of pigeons scurrying ing thing could be seen. "Let us cut up on the ruined walls, staggered the rethis. The horses will be at the foot of cipient of it, and convulsed Brandon and the hill." Rosalind between indignation and

Long, level rays of a setting sun were filling one of a suite of drawing-rooms opening picturesquely into each other at Carlen house, when Rosalind entered

it that evening. She looked at the western glory, looked away and went into another, a south-facing room, where she beheld herself in a full-length mirror with the reddening radiance streaming past and touching her pearl-white satin skirts. "'As ugly as in, as ill-tempered as a sick bear?" Was that it, Margie?"

Margery, in white lace over blue, laughed; the first guest was announced, and another and another. Two men, whose names did not reach the hostess were joined and received by Gerald Dover and led up to her.

"At last, Rosalind," her cousin said, "here, at last, is my old friend, Sir Wilfred Carr." Sir Wilfred's gaze had vainly sought

the plain, old maldish frump he expected; he was a little dazzled by the sunse light from the room behind the hostess She expressed cordial pleasure at seeing her cousin's friend, so well known to her by report, in a voice that made

him look up in her face with a start. He saw a slim, graceful figure in shining satin draperles, with gleaming arms and fair white neck bemocking the unusually fine pearls she wore. She had

kind, brown eyes, dark hair, curling low on a broad open brow, a firm mouth with little humorous dimples at the corners and a genial condescension in four to recover composure. He moved her manner, which was one of welcome, and yet she was like-cold chills ran over him at the thought-she was very like the girl with the broom, the old hat and the tucked-up skirts and sleeves who showed the ruins. And alas! innocently smiling at her side in blue and white was the very pretty fairhaired girl by whom he had been so

hard hit an hour or two since. "Plain-with such a temper-frumpish-not yet fifty-not too poor to be popular-the dragon to be faced. Good Lord! I've done it this time, and no mistake," he thought, trying to remember how much Miss Ormonde could have heard: "A nasty trick to play on a man!"

For a moment, realizing that the game was lost, he was taken aback and utterly routed; but by the time Brandon had been presented to Miss Ormonde and his blushing self made known to Miss Margery Staines, he was, as he expressed it, all there again, and so cool and apparently unconscious of what had gone before as almost to persuade Rosalind, when she found herself following her guests into dinner on this amiably-chatting person's arm,

## acters as Hamlet and Romeo," Rosalind standing; he placed both hands on th said. "They make him look like an old Methuselah."

"And Miss Terry is scarcely so young her." He said something unintelligible, as she was," Brandon politely hinted. but as she was not listening, and he had "She must be under fifty, though, Mr. Brandon," Rosalind gently corrected, not the least notion of what he was saying, it was of no consequence. 'but what is that to a genius?"

"Would," she faltered, with deepen-"Do you-ah-do you like Ibsen?" asked the unfortunate Carr, addressing ing blushes and a husky voice, "would Margery.

"I don't know, I mayn't know without asking mamma," she replied, demurely. 'People's mammas don't seem to admir him much."

"It is quite possible to object to prob lem plays and Ibsenism, without being an absolute dragon of propriety." Rosa lind corroborated with severity, "and Miss Staines is still young and-tender. A shipwrecked crew might choose her for dinner, like poor little Billee, in the ballad."

"Till I'm roused," corroborated Miss Staines; "then I can be as wicked-as the devil."

"Ay, and hit as hard," Sir Wilfred was heard muttering acidly to himself etween his teeth, as Rosalind rather suddenly rose, and he went to open the door for the ladies,

"What the deuce is the matter with those two girls tonight?" Gerald Dover wondered to himself when they were

gone; "Carr hasn't made any running as yet. I doubt if he ever will."

ing his breath and becoming straight "My dearest Margery," said the vicar's wife on reaching the drawing room, as a lance in a second. "It would just 'I am grieved to hear you allowing trim the boat, that, and emptying the yourself the sad license of speech charstables, and so on.' acteristic of too many young women of "Then, please-please," in a very supplicating voice, handing him a slip of the present day." paper, "take it."

"It was horrid of me, wasn't it?" she smiled back with infantile cheerfulness brimming eyes. He certainly was a and candor, "but it was only a quotation after all." "Not from Ibsen, I earnestly trust."

"Oh, no! Not from Ibsen, dear. It didn't sound so, now, did it ?"

"I am happily unacquainted with took it. these new writers, my dear, so I cannot tell.

"But why?" asked Brandon of hi hostess, later in the evening, "did you say you were ugly. Were you never taught that it is wrong to tell stories?" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Brandon, 1

said I was plain, and so I am, both in speech and action." "Well, but Miss Staines declared that

your temper was something awful." Sh "'Such a temper,, she said. meant such a delightfutiv sweet tem-

per. But 1 can't answer for it myself. It was kind of Margie, though."

They were having coffee on a terrace, whence the castle, all silver-steeped in moonlight, and a peep of sea between the two hill slopes could be seen. Cockchafers were still droning in the almond scented clematis, a little warm breeze stirred the beech tops, yellow corn stood in aisles on a slope above the eaceful village, where little orange dots suggested homesteads, the treeshadowed lawns and trim, dreaming flowers looked magical and unreal in the silvery light. Arthur Brandon's thoughts ran into involuntary rhyme; he had never been so happy in his life, yet he wished the never before coveted burden of riches were his; still more, he wished Rosalind Ormond poor. Sir Wilfred and some other vandals were spoiling the deway flower scents with igars, Sir Wilfred wondering if he could possibly put up with the promised week at Gerald Dover's seaside cottage and continual meetings with the

Carlen people, after this unlucky fiasco. "And to crown all." he reflected. "I must needs try to kiss the wrong girl How like my luck!"

he deserved to be-the dust and stones incommoding him in the afternoon now

"And no soul must know, rem No, no interest, no acknowledge And," she added, after a little pr top of a chair to steady himself. "Good Lord! She going to propose!" he thought, "and I shall have to have "don't pay court to my Margie unless

you really love her." "Ah! but I do; I do from the very bottom of my heart, Miss Ormonde

"He's going to reform and live on

penny buns and ginger pop," Rosalind told Margery that evening. "I wonder if any kisses will be thrown in?" "I wish." Margery sighed, "I wish I hadn't hit him quite so hard, poor fel-

"Young rascal!" added Rosalind, with acerbity, "it was a stroke of luck far too good for him."

A Careful Wife.

A couple of New York ladies were conersing about one thing and another, after

the manner of women. "Mrs. Sampleby has not been to see me in a long time," remarked one of the la-

"She hasn't got time to make calls, She has to take care of and be with her hus-band all the time." "I didn't know that he was sick."

"Of course, he isn't sick. On the contrary, he is in the enjoyment of the best of health. If he was sick she wouldn't have to watch him all the time."-Tammany Times.

## Properly Named.

"GOOD LORD! SHE'S GOING TO

PROPOSE!" THOUGHT HE.

twelve thousand pounds be of any use

He was silent, with quivering lips and

"But not to Monte Carlo," she added.

handsme fellow, Rosalind thought.

overcome for thanks.

6010

MEDAL

to you?"

"Wouldn't it?" he exclaimed, catch-"I went to buy a make-up box," said the young married man. "A make-up box?" the confectioner

"We don't keep theatrical supechoed. plies.

"I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."-Indianapolis Journal,

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

Symptoms-Moisture: intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tu-mors form, which often bleed and ulcer-ate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleed-ing heals ulceration and in most cores with a little, tremulous laugh, as, with some broken words of deprecation, he ing, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. "No, not there," he faltered, too much



Made and Sold in 'Six Months, ending March 1, 1896, **Total Product of** 



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nust needs try to kiss the wrong girl. How like my luck!" But even Carr was far happier than How like my luck!" But even Carr was far happier than How like my luck!" world.

mantled and crumbled keep on the seaward summit, its fine castellated gateway facing landward with stately defiance, and looking up a long valley between chalk hills. It made a good point of view from Carlen house, a modern white mansion on the opposite hill slope, half hidden by the thick beechwoods, which, screened by each hill from the salt sea winds, climbed both hills, the slopes of which, meeting in a broad V, allowed a glimps of the sea from the level high road running through the village at the foot of the castle hill. These ruins were among the show places of the country and the object of many excursions and picnics the whole summer long, but chiefly in the tourist season when Carlen folk gathered a double harvest, one from the fields and another from the visitors, whose four-horse coaches, wagonettes and char-a-bancs clustered thickly outside the Carlen arms and the Castle inn, in company with innumerable bicycles, the riders of which found it easier to climb the steep wooden road to the castle gate without wheels. Though of steep ascent, it was a fair road, screened by beech and ash, offering lovely prospect and passing of arches over the dry moat. A groove for a portcullis showed what once had been, and loopholes in each beautifully rounded turret by the bearded. vaulted entrance recalled days when the bows of English foemen were feared. Inside the heavy oaken gate was level green sword, closely shaven and shaded by trees; near the gateway was a stone cottage with mullioned win dows amid much greenery and bloom. and a plot of garden ground. Here lived the old gatekeeper and his wife.

Another garden, free of the tower shadows, lay beneath the broken wal opposite the castellan's cottage; this was enclosed by wire fencing and led to a small modern Tudor house built into the ruins out of old and weathered stone. This garden had down the middle a broad turf walk, bordered with old-fashioned flowers, lavender, stocks and carnations, behind which were espaller fruit trees, making a light fencing for vegetables beyond.

10

A SWEET

MAXWELL GRAY.

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The slim figures of two young women wearing straw sailor hats, cotton blouses and dark plain skirts, moved over the sunny turf am ong the flowers.



Though ruined, Carlen castle sat "Certainly," she replied, "step in." proudly upon its steep acclivity, its dis-The young man stepped in, followed by his companion, also young. Margery closed the wicket behind them, and resumed her seat and her occupation, while the two men stood just inside and looked around them, seeing the foreground Rosalind, leaning pensively on her broom, but no longer whistling, with the broken walls of gray stone, the little modern Tudor house, through an open window of which the remains of frugal luncheon could be seen, and the distant keep for a background. Full sunshine threw her face into shadow and lit up the faces of the two men. The first was dark and tall, with a beautiful, close-shaven face; he wore a soft felt hat with a pinched crown and slightly sweeping brim, the belted tunic closed to the throat called a Norfolk jacket, and knickerbockers of thinner and more clinging stuff than is usual. Slightly and straightly built, and wear ing stocking that disclosed the real shape of the leg, instead of exaggerating the too great thickness characteristic of English limbs, he made a graceful, and, by contrast with others, even picturesque figure; his movements were graceful, there was a suggestion of knightly charm in his whole bearing. His friend was of sturdier build, with gray eyes and light brown hair; he was an inch shorter. He was in white flannels and cricket cap; brown-faced and "Not 'Arries," Rosalind reflected, as she scanned them with a careless glance, her chin resting on the earth-stained

hands clasped above her broomstick. The dark man sent a quick, sweeping glance over the whole picture, scarcely noticing the figure in the foreground, but particularly observing the small house built of old stones. "Jove! What an owl's nest!" he ex-

claimed, with a dissattsfied air. "What would you have?" his friend replied; "romantic old place; fine ruins,

surely?" "One doesn't sell one's soul for an owl's nest or a heap of ruins."

"Oh, as to that, souls are cheap enough, once in the market." the deeper voice replied. "Let's rest and be thank-

ful," he added, dropping himself on a garden seat and stretching his legs comfortably in front of him, with his hands in his pockets. "Jolly old place, Carr. Very good specimen of a feudal stronghold. Norman keep well preserved. Carlen house on the hill opposite. Perpendicular chapel yonder, nodding his head slightly to the right. where, opposite the dwelling house, a perfect and richly-traceried window in a roofless chancel was partially re-

realed among some beeches.



laughter; that did not wake Grannle-

JUST IN TIME TO RECEIVE A SIN-GLE-HEARTED BOX ON THE EAR.

being admirably done for her.

Ø

forced jest about striking arguments,

once been, began to smoke fiercely. tle girl that. Straightforward, No non-

meant it." .....

right for letting them think us-"

the wall, where they could sit comfort-

look!

Rosalind had moved away: the bell again sounded. She hastened to the gate and let in a party of ladies, while ild go quietly neath them the

or at least only enough season her nap wth conscious enjoyment, and the agreeable reflection that her work was

off with a muttered apology and a

and, seating himself within the shadow of the broken wall, where a room had "Hard hit for once, my good Wilfred," Brandon said, joining him, after a civil good morning to Rosalind. "Jolly lit-

sense about her. Hits out as if she

-!" observed Sir Wilfred, briefly. "Wretch!" Margery sobbed, under the shadow of a cedar that reached

from the ruined upper room whither she had fled to the wall under which the two men were smoking. "Nasty, horrid-' "Nonsense, child," interrupted Rosa-

lind. "After all, perhaps it served us "Us, indeed! nobody kissed you!" "Or you, either; come, come!" continued Rosalind, drawing her cousin gently along the narrow path on the first story of the ruin to a deep-recessed ogee window in the cool thickness of

ably. "You had the best of it. Margie. I don't think he'll want any more gir ger-pop just yet, do you? Oh, hush!

Both peeped through the unglazed window, which was partially hidden by cedar boughs, and saw, immediately be-

\* PART II.

Margery's pretty, merry face was white with anger, as she moved haughtily away: Carr. very red, with three white stripes on his cheek, was the first of the

"OH, THESE MEN, WHEN THEY TRY TO SCHEME.

One girl was sweeping the fine short. newly-mown grass with a heath broom, the other was busy tying carnations; their voices sounded high and clear as they moved and talked.

"Cousin Gerald has shown me his hand. Margie," said the girl with the broom. "Oh, these men, when they try to scheme, they are too delightfully transparent. How they plume themselves on the subtlety of their little wiles and lures!'

"And what is his little game?" asked Margie, who was kneeling by the carnations, which were just bursting out into spicy pink and crimson bloom.

"The usual refuge of the destitute, child, to marry an heiress." "Gerald!" cried Margie, "why, he's

going to marry me-so people say."

"Not Gerald, goosey. His friend, this precious young Sir Wilfred Carr, who, according to him, is a lovely blend of Apollo and Adonis, with a spice of Bayard thrown in."

"Dear Rosalind, it's no use to fight against Fate, and suitors. Marry one and you'll be rid of the rest. Have him.

"To spite the others? No, Margie my only chance is to disguise myself in poverty and go a hunting for a disinterested husband. Have him yourself and leave me to take care of Gerald. Gerald would be a world the better for a good heartbreak. He couldn't marry me, you see. He thinks cousins' marriages wicked. So do I, but that's neither here nor there. By the way, when is this charming youth to arrive?"

"He dines with us tonight, and he couldn't do that unless he had arrived, could he?'

"His astral body might. I'll be as hideous as I can, at all events-wear that green gown. I wonder what Fraser will do when he finds I have mown and swept his grass?"

"Fraser will probably swear."

Rosalind left the inclosed garden and leant on her broom, whistling softly, as if lost in thought; Margaret sat on a bit of broken wall hard by, arranging a piece of bast that hung round her neck, ing. and singing. Her skirt was solled with garden mold and tucked up on one side, the place," Brandon sighed, with an iner fair hair was ruffled. Rosalind's darker hair had become loosened by and intelligent face of the guide. exercise, and her fringe pushed off her forehead under her hat, a hat once white but now browned by sun and rain. Both girls were looking at the heavy oaken gates fitted in the stone archway and barred and crossbarred for strength, when the large bell hanging inside by the lintel swung to and fro with loud clangor.

"Poor Grannie! She was up all night with the child, and she's sound asleep now. And Elias gone to cut grass-"

"I'll open the gate. Grannie shan't be waked," cried Margery, springing to her feet and going, with the bast still over her shoulders, to the gate. "These 'Arries ring such tremendous peals, enough to wake the dead."

She unhasped and opened a wicket in the gate, disclosing in the shadow of the vaulted gateway two men, one with a eigarette in his mouth.

"Can we see the castle?" he asked, in a well-toned voice, removing the cig-arets to speak and replacing it. pair of stava"

into the cottage and put the kettle on versation. Carr, the white marks still for Grannie's tea, in case she waked. on his flushed cheek, was speaking with "Dear old Grannie is still asleep. I unusual energy. "If good looks were virtues, he'd soon hope no one will rouse her." she said. be in Paradise." whispered Rosalind. five minutes later, on coming out of the "Ah! Miss Dragon, he'd have got no cottage and addressing Rosalind, who gingerpop from you," murmured Mar-gery, laughing, with the tears still on was answering questions and giving the dates and builders of different parts her peach-like cheeks and in her merry of the castle for the benefit of the inquisitive men visitors,

"I don't care," Carr was saying, em-"The present owner is not a de Carlen, phatically, "I must have her, or I shall I think?" the dark man asked, forgetting, despite his knightly appearance, be clean stone broke." to remove his cigarette. "What! marry a spiteful, frumpish

old maid for an owl's nest and a heap of "No, an Ormonde; the male line has ruins?" twice been broken, Here lies the last "And half the county and heaven de Carlen.'

knows what besides. It's positively sin-They were now in the ruined chapel, ful for all that fine property to be thrown away on a woman. It ought grass-grown and dotted with stone tombs and broken effigies of mailed not to be allowed in any Christian conknights.

"Very good of the owner to show her castle to the public," Carr said. "It youths do with no heiress to marry?" must be a bore to her, though. This Miss Ormonde probably courts popularity, eh?

"Miss Ormonde is not too poor to be popular," was Rosalind's somewhat dark reply.

"Rustic irony," Carr murmured to Brandon. "A plain woman?" he asked of Rosalind.

"Remarkably plain." "And such a temper!" added Mar-,

gery, with vicious emphasis. "But young, surely young?" he pro-

on'e fling now and then; one can't al-ways live like an anchorite--" tested, as if her age was a personal injury to him. "Did you ever--" drawled Brandon, slowly, "ah-- try?"

"Well, certainly not so young as she was, poor lady."

"Still she must be under fifty," added on which this beast of a world is gov-Margery.

erned," complained Carr, pathetically. "Ha! What did I tell you, Brandon? "Mere is this ----!--What's this creep-A frumpish, cross old maid. No one ing inside my collar?" he said, putting was ever good enough to marry her, I suppose?" to Rosalind.

"Those who ask heiresses seldom are."

Carr laughed a joyous, boy's laugh. "Wise women are still found in these parts, you see, Brandon," he said "and witches, too," he added, with a side plunge-though she's as ugly as sin, as glance at Margery. old as Methuselah, as stupid as an owl,

"This little thirteenth century window is much admired," Rosalind said. brusquely, lifting some ivy that hung

over it. "Your are attached to the place?" asked Brandon; "have lived here long?

You don't tire of showing it?" "I am attached to it-like a tree or a serf-I never tire of showing it to people bunch of carnations, tieing them with a who are interested," she replied, smil-

> "As for me, I am quite in love with tent but respectful glance at the bright could be very, very happy in that little house, Carr.

"My good Brandon, you could be happy anywhere with a pen and a pipe. I'll be bound your hatching a sonnet this moment-savage because you can't rhyme stone-"

"Would I could bone the hole of this stone

"And the mistress-?" "Condone. There's the rub you see.

ITS SOURCE IN A SLENDER HAND We'll take the sea-view and the tilt-yard for granted this broiling day," he VANISHED ROM THE WINDOW. added, turning back to Brandon, who as ill-tempered as a sick bear, and as was choosing some photographs set out wicked as the devil-I'll have her, I say. Confound it!" he cried, putting up his on a little table beneath the cottage window .. "I can't afford to spoil my comhand to his collar again, "what can this plexion or over-tire myself today. The be?"

dragon must be faced this evening and "The family ghost protesting." exthe siege begun at once." plained Brandon, with a delighted grin, "If you do spoil your lovely mug, you as his eye followed a thin stream of might still powder for the evening."

mortar from inside Sir Wilfred's collar to its source in a slender hand vanishing in the window. "But suppose she won't

1-

VOICE THAT MADE HIM LOOK UP WITH A START.

that he and the picturesque youth of the castle were different people, Carlen castle unlike Sir Wilfred, was

"Well, but what would stone broke blushing beautifully in the sunset on the hill in sight of the windows of the "Positively sinful," he repeated, with large, cool hall in which they were dinplous energy. "And here am I, with at ing, Mr. Brandon, who took Margery least two-thirds of my rents unpaid, in, commented upon its beauty to her. and all kinds of burdens on the estates. "Isn't it a dear old owl's nest?" Rosaugly black dress suit and hidzous and the mater's jointure, and her house, lind struck in. "We are very fond of breast-plate of amorphous white linen! and the girl's portions, not to speak of our heap of ruins, are we not, Margle?" But this modern chatelaine, her pearls of their keep, and mortgages here and "And the ghost. I often envy you your family ghost," Margery replied. "I there and everywhere, and a run of illluck at Monte Carlo last March, and losnever had so much as a grandfather, ing heavily on 'Glendower,' and that much less a ghost." beast of a trainer letting 'Young Loch-"Ah! Do you like this hot weather. invar' be got at, besides-one must have

Miss Ormonde?" Sir Wilfred inquired, with tender solicitude. "Not much; it's so unbecoming. One

turns brown, and that makes one as ugly as sin." "I cannot understand the principles "Surely not. Sunburn becomes some

people," Sir Wilfred insinuated, with great sweetness. "The sun turns me red." Margery

kindly explained. "Then my head aches and I'm as stupid as an owl."

"Have you some iced seltzer?" Sir Wilfred asked a servant. "Nothing so refreshing as iced seltzer," he unnescessarily informed his hostess.

"Did you ever try ginger pop, Sir Wilfred? There's nothing so cooling as ginger pop of a hot afternoon. We have it at the castle sometimes, Margie and I. Only a penny. It gratifies one's avar-

ular." "Are you much at the castle, Miss

SHE HAPPENED TO TURN JUST pleasant air of one introducing a charming tople.

go there for luncheon, especially when he had been summoned by its young cold, and one feels as illtempered asas a sick bear."

window and looked at the towered gatenever be," objected the polite Sir Wilfred.

to dream and lay schemes in," continued He had not long to wait; the "plain the pitiless Rosalind. "Perhaps you know it, Mr. Brandon " "I think I have some vague memories

of the place, Miss Ormonde. How good of you to let people see it. I hope your kindness is never abused. No doubt Arries come there often." "Oh, yes, and Reggies, and Johnnies

and all sorts. There's an "Arry season and a Reggie season. We have some queer specimens there sometimes."

PART III.

Sir Wilfrd, pensively smiling, as one whose mind is absorbed by more ethereal objects, here descended from some summit of lofty speculation and asked for opinions on Mr. Irving's latest Shakesperian impersonation. to say-to avoid liquidation."

"I can't endure Irving in your obar-

strewed the carpet of his dressing-room -he had a sort of vague idea that the best thing would be to sit on the terrace forever and ever and watch the tiny ship sailing far and far away on the moonlit sea, and the proud castle in the mystic light dreaming of its vanished glories, and the village nestling in the foliage by the church tower at the foot of the castled steep. But Brandon, the briefless, the impecunious, the blessed, saw more; he saw a shadowy company of plumed knights ride with far-off clang over the



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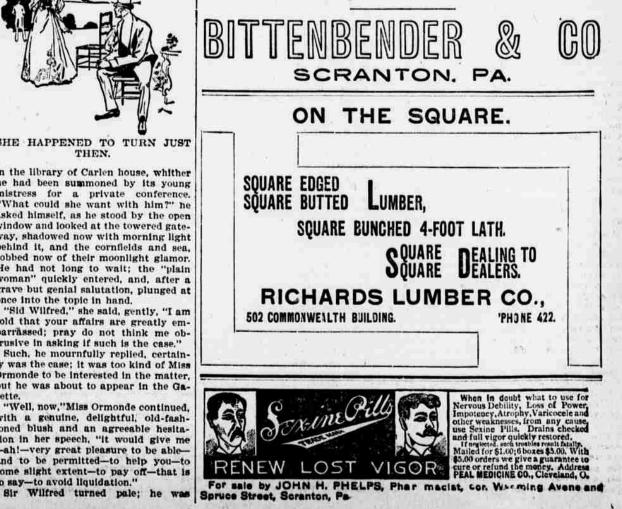
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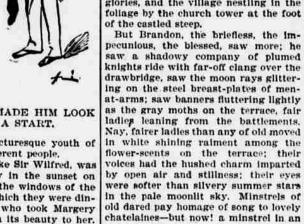


Bolts, Nuts, Bolt Ends, Turnbuckles, Washers, Rivets, Horse Nails, Files, Taps, Dies, Tools and Supplies. Sail Duck for mine use in stock.

## SOFT STEEL HORSE SHOES

and a full stock of Wagon Makers' Supplies, Wheels, Hubs, Rinis, Spokes, Shafts, Poles, Bows, etc.





half muffled in a silken scarf, happened to turn just then and meet the full gaze of the silent minstrel's eye, so that for one brief and beautiful moment two young hearts leapt together in a bliss ful throb. Costume changes, custom alters, old castles and old codes, and even creeds stand and lie in ruins; but youth and joy, love, innocence and song are the same throughout all ages. A few days later Wilfred Carr found himself waiting with a beating heart

THEN.

ice, though one is not too poor to be pop-

Ormonde?" Brandon inquired with the

"It depends. Sometimes Margle and in the library of Carlen house, whither

things go wrong, and it's too hot, or too mistress for a private conference. "What could she want with him?" he asked himself, as he stood by the open "Surely, Miss Ormonde, that can

way, shadowed now with morning light behind it, and the cornfields and sea, "Such a soothing, tranquilizing place robbed now of their moonlight glamor.

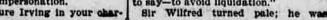
> woman" quickly entered, and, after a grave but genial salutation, plunged at once into the topic in hand. "Sid Wilfred," she said, gently, "I am

told that your affairs are greatly embarrassed; pray do not think me obtrusive in asking if such is the case." Such, he mournfully replied, certainly was the case; it was too kind of Miss

Ormonde to be interested in the matter, but he was about to appear in the Gazette.



with a genuine, delightful, old-fashtoned blush and an agreeable hesitation in her speech, "it would give me -ah!-very great pleasure to be ableand to be permitted-to help you-to some slight extent-to pay off-that is



up his hand. "Little stones." "Old crone?" "Unmarried woman, positively rolling in riches. Dover says she has a whole coal mine to herself." . "To roll in?" "And here am I-Oh! I'll make the